

CANDOUR

*The British
Views - Letter*

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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NINETEEN SIXTY EIGHT

By A. K. CHESTERTON

AS each post-war year lurched drunkenly over the threshold of limbo, dragging in its train some remnant of our former national greatness, it seemed that the dregs of our shame had been drained and that the succeeding year must surely offer some recompense, at the very least some sign of the turning of the tide. This, however, was a delusory thought. Every British Government, whether "Conservative" or Socialist, placed upon its mettle to surpass its predecessor, meticulously groped in the contemporary slime to find ever bigger and more shattering humiliations to heap upon us. We cannot even be sure that 1967, perhaps the most antic and degrading year in British history, carried off the last, most repellant symptoms of our sickness. True, it took its departure not in a drunken lurch but in a sort of maniacal amok-run alternating with grotesque belly-slides, its features distorted, as it were, with fear and confusion and the ravages of disease. Even *The Times* was moved to describe it as "The Year of the Toothless Bulldog". But unfortunately decadence breeds decadence with fantastic swiftness, and in the absence of vigorous anti-toxins it would seem that 1968 must record the passing of the point of no return. That would be the end of the Britain we have known and prized and so greatly loved. The vultures and the hyaenas and the myriad species of parasites would have all their will of us.

WHERE to look for the anti-toxins which alone can bring health and the will to survive, and with them the pride in endeavour without which human life is a wretched and debasing mockery? Not among the politicians of the established parties—that goes without saying. They are all of them, without exception, creatures of the bog-mists who not only endure but thrive upon mephitic odours and the reek of death. So long as they are free to squawk and shuffle and fight for the tawdry pomp of office they are indifferent to the collapse of national morale and even to the extinction of their own nationhood. Indeed, rather than risk being smeared for upholding an honest cause in the light of day, they prefer to crawl into the shadows and there plot further betrayals so as to extend the confines of the empire of the night which is their natural habitat. Who will ever forget Harold Wilson's statement in the House of Commons that not the Rhodesian people but the whole world was his kin? It reminded me of de Quincey's most terrifying of dreams, wherein he was kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles and laid

"confounded with all unutterable abortions, among reeds and Nilotic mud". Is it not just this kind of nightmare into which Wilson and his cronies have plunged not only themselves but the entire British people?

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YET repelled as I am by the thought of Harold Wilson, George Brown, Roy Jenkins and the rest using the full range of their intelligence to promote and exploit every sick and debilitating issue in service to their own bloated egos and shoddy careers, let me confess that I am assailed by an even more chilling horror when I survey the gallery of faces opposite them. The face of Edward Heath, professed aesthete and political hatchet-man. The face of Douglas-Home, with a clown's grin from ear to ear—Douglas-Home, the widely proclaimed "gentleman" who hoped that Mau Mau in power would not be "too bad" and whose mastery of the *non sequitur* is one of the most devious of all political tricks. The face of Duncan Sandys, whose assertion of the loss of Britain's will to govern gave Roy Welensky a migraine and made Lord Alport vomit. The even more displeasing face of Ian Macleod, who rejoiced to be the chief "Conservative" agent for the liquidation of the British world-system. The fatuous face of Quentin Hogg, bogus "strong man", whose little tinkling bell tolled for all the causes which he was supposed to uphold and which in fact he helped to bury. At least we know the Socialists for what they are—traitors to their own country as a matter of principle. But is there anyone, no matter how deeply versed in the occult, who can discern the ghost of a principle behind what the modern "Conservatives" say and do? They have no belief, other than in the sweets of office. They have nothing they wish to conserve, other than a field in which to manoeuvre for petty political expedients. Abhorrent though the Socialists and their dishonourable Government undoubtedly are to every genuine patriot, they are left at the starting-post by these fake Conservatives in the race to earn the greatest possible public loathing and contempt.

* * * *

WE should remember that the infamous scuttle from Suez revealed the true state of "Conservative" resolution in the teeth of the Money Power's displeasure. It was under "Conservative" auspices that the bulk of Bomber Command and Fighter Command was placed under the overall command of foreigners. The "Conservatives" continued the policy of reducing the Royal Navy to miniscule size—which no enemy in war

had ever achieved—and making the residual sea power dependent for its functioning on the grace and favour of the Transatlantic usurers. It was the “Conservatives” who, under the same duress, began the jettisoning of the British “East of Suez” rôle by preparing to throw Aden to the wolves. Macmillan’s “winds of change” speech speeded up the process of alienating South Africa. The “Conservatives” were the first betrayers of Rhodesia, as now they are her falsest friends. So far from preserving Britain’s sovereignty, they have vied with the self-proclaimed traitors of the Socialist Party to submerge it for ever in the cosmopolitan stews of the Common Market, in which cause Edward Heath has devilled with a zeal well calculated to make him the darling of Wall-st. Although these desperate attempts at national suicide still await their consummation, they have been all too successful in abandoning Australia and New Zealand to the untender mercies of the dollar empire. If there is any principle to be found in these multitudinous acts of betrayal, it is palpably that of non-survival, of promoting the victory of Death over Life.

* * * *

NOW the Socialists, back in office, are busy preparing the final obsequies of the British will to live and of every decent, health-giving British tradition which once made our peoples vigorous and great. Our regime in Aden was brought to a squalid end by the inglorious bolt that gave power to the warring faction which had proved most expert in assassinating British Tommies endeavouring to safeguard Arab lives and properties. Plans have been advanced for the abandonment of Singapore in the next decade. Economic warfare is being waged against Loyalist Rhodesia. The breach of faith in dealing with South Africa brought from Prime Minister Vorster the stinging but all too well deserved rebuke that contractual obligations could be treated as one-sided. Abroad the Government has proclaimed that dishonour is now an established political institution. At home it has demonstrated by its handling of the devaluation crisis that the only political art it has mastered is the ability to lie with as straight a face as its inborn political crookedness allows. At home, moreover, its wet-nursing of coloured immigrants at the expense of the native British is now an obscene fixation. Both at home and abroad Wilson and his henchmen have become not only figures of fun but lavatory jokes, as witness the naming of a sanitary lane in Fort Victoria “Harold Wilson Alley”. Unfortunately not the Government alone but the entire British nation has to bear the odium.

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SUCH was the position at the end of 1967. The year slid out, leaving behind the feeling that here was very nearly the end of the road; that the final collapse lay just ahead. What of 1968? Will it see confirmed the worst fears engendered by its predecessor? Will the bulldog lose something more than his teeth, and thereafter with all power over the future? Is this to be the year of Britain’s emasculation and final eclipse? We who unwearingly, and in the face of almost infinite discouragement, have long fought for Britain’s survival, refuse to answer “yes” to the last three questions. We refuse to accept defeat. Yet, as realists, we are bound to recognise how very near to defeat, to absolute and final rout, our cause has been brought. That fact fur-

nishes us with no justification for abandoning Britain, but with still more urgent reasons for intensifying our fight and giving to it the last ounce of our self-sacrifice and courage. But where, it will be asked, are the anti-toxins for countering national decadence to be found?

* * * *

AS we have seen, they are not to be sought in the established parties or—as experience has painfully taught us—in any member of Parliament. Decadence is an infectious disease and nobody subjected to the vitiating atmosphere of the Commons or the Lords has escaped without contamination of the heart and brain. Clearly, therefore, we shall have to engender our own anti-toxins, and for this purpose the National Front is now an organization in being. If we can only keep it free of the distempers which ravage the rest of the world, dealing surgically with internal manifestations of the disease such as faction-fighting and clamorous individual egotism, and if we can ensure that organizationally, which means financially, we can keep abreast of the flood of new members rallying to our standard, then what at first seemed a slender chance could well become the swelling theme of victory. We begin our Parliamentary campaign under the happiest auspices by entering for the Acton bye-election perhaps the most upright candidate in the British Isles. On the honour and courage of my colleague, Andrew Fountaine, I would gladly stake my life. If all else goes well, if those who have personal services to give, or financial contributions to make, stint neither for the cause of the British future, then when the General Election comes we should be in a position to storm the citadels of power, and, even before that time, do much to stop the rot.

We go forward into 1968 with confidence and hope.

CANDOUR PREDICTION



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:: Stand Fast for Britain’s Survival ::

CUT AND THRUST

IF only one keeps plugging away long enough, even the most deeply hidden truths are eventually brought into the light of day and given a public airing. Thus I read in the *Cape Times*, of all newspapers:

"That the United States Government is not accessible to reasoned argument when it comes to deciding the future relationship of the once almighty dollar and gold should have become clear through the discussions of the last few years.

"If one looks at this matter upward and downward and inside out, there remains only one reasonable argument for this rigid attitude, namely that the Americans are acting on behalf of financial groups anxious to establish an economic hold over the world.

"They can do so through industrial participations, and their influence has been attractive enough to get a wonderful amount of assistance from the world's commercial banks."

That comes as near to the truth as anything I remember reading in any daily newspaper.

However, it is not the whole truth or anything like the whole truth about how the financial groups function. Participation in industrial projects at home and abroad certainly plays a part in the cornering of power, but it is not the most important part. Positive foreknowledge of what is to come, possessed because they themselves decree future developments, enables the big international financial houses to enrich themselves and extend their influence by gambling on certainties. For instance, knowing that their pressures would force the hand of the British Government to devalue the pound, they were in a position to make a very fat "killing", and it is not to be supposed that they failed to take advantage of their opportunity. What really enables the Wall-street Dollar Emperors to operate from an impregnable position, however, is their power to create money out of nothing and issue it as a public debt from which they receive interest in perpetuity. Despite these omissions, the *Cape Times* has done a great service in exposing the plots of high finance "to rule the world".

Another strange excursion into the land of forbidden topics, was made last month by President de Gaulle. This produced a short but succinct description of World Jewry as "an elite sure of itself, and domineering". According to the *Evening Standard News Service* the result was a "painful, almost agonising, week" for French Jews as they pondered over those few words. The *Evening Standard*, forgetting the views of its former chief, the late Lord Beaverbrook, became fiercely indignant, affirming that "at one stroke, with these carefully chosen words, loaded with mischief, the General has debased the coin of political debate in France and given a kind of sanction to anti-Semitism". This is sheer political hysteria and balderdash.

More interesting is the *Standard's* depiction of de Gaulle's background. I quote: "It was a Jew who introduced him to political life before the war, his Finance Minister, Monsieur Debre, is the grandson of a rabbi, two of his top Elysee aides are Jews, his favourite economist, Prof. Jacques Rueff, is a Jew, one-tenth of his own specially created order of gallantry, the Order

of Liberation, are Jews, half the Cabinet have Jewish wives, and even the surgeon who removed his prostrate gland two years ago is a Jew." All things considered, therefore, it seems improbable that de Gaulle's few words, true though they be, were intended to be taken very seriously.

This view would seem to be confirmed when the *Evening Standard* goes on to tell us that Baron Guy de Rothschild exchanged angry words on the subject with Prime Minister Pompidou. Pompidou jumped straight into the premiership from the position of chief executive of Rothschild Freres, and it is most unlikely that the worthy Baron would use as a whipping-boy the Prime Minister when the actual offender, his chief protege—the General himself—was then to be castigated. After all, de Gaulle owes everything to Guy de Rothschild.

If the President's remark was something more than a momentary flash of irritation we can be reasonably certain that it indicated no fixed line of policy but rather the employment of confusionist tactics, and that Guy de Rothschild's anger was simulated. What more probable than that the dear Baron, for undisclosed purposes, thought up the comment and made a present of it to de Gaulle? However that may be, the Gaullist political menage is so thoroughly steeped in Jewish interests that any endeavour to break Jewish power in France would inevitably lead to de Gaulle himself being broken on the wheel.

Mr. Barry Goldwater has shown on his recent voyaging abroad that he is a decidedly naive gentleman. In one press interview, for instance, he said that Britain was placing orders for the F111 aircraft in the United States so as to secure in exchange American support for her "sanctions against Rhodesia" policy. This reveals a remarkable ignorance not only of the squalid horse-trading that has taken place over the F111 but even more of the power relationship between the United States and Great Britain. In applying sanctions against Rhodesia the British Government has acted against every British interest. It would never have made an issue of Rhodesian independence had it not been for United States pressures exerted ever since the imbalance of payments crisis in 1964. There were no votes to be won for the egregious Harold Wilson on the sanctions policy, only votes to be lost. It was the will of Wall Street that had to be implemented, as it has been on every other African issue since the war.

The same thing applies to the ban on arms to South Africa. This is also an anti-British policy carried out by the British Government under pressure from New York, applied through Washington. Proof was forthcoming at the end of last month, when the State Department vetoed the sale of more than £1,000,000 worth of British aircraft to South Africa. The aircraft involved were Beagle twin-engined transport-communications planes, which the British Government had no objection to exporting. The Beagle, however, is powered by American Continental piston engines built under licence by Rolls-Royce. Under the terms of the

licence, the American Government has the right to ban the export by Britain of these engines and the right was duly exercised. Such is the penalty of foregoing sovereign independence.

When Prime Minister Vorster made his well-deserved rebuke of Britain at the turn of the year he must have known to what extent her Governments, following the line of least resistance, have despicably allowed her to be thus hamstrung. Yet he was careful to avoid involving the United States, perhaps on the advice of Mr. Muller, his milk-and-water Foreign Minister.

What hopes are there of the truth being made generally known? Everything would seem to depend upon an explosion by Mr. George Brown on one of the innumerable occasions when he has had one lemonade over the eight!

Most of the Australian Government officials in Britain are, in the words of the Agent-General for Tasmania, "hopping mad" about the treatment being meted out to the thousands of Australians visiting our shores. They have good reason to be. The Commonwealth Immigration Act of 1962 was drawn up to stop the flood of coloured immigrants entering Britain, but because successive British Governments have lacked the guts to exclude our kith and kin from its provisions it is being applied with special severity to Australians, Canadians and New Zealanders. Tasmania's Agent-General has declared: "It is not the West Indians who are being discriminated against, it is the Australians."

One of the most shocking examples was the treatment accorded to Mr. J. L. Brownlie, a young Tasmanian of unblemished record. As a result of a skating accident he failed to apply for renewal of his entry permit, arbitrarily fixed at six months, whereas his friend interviewed by another immigration official was granted twelve months. Police hunted him down, and he was detained in custody as an illegal immigrant for 36 days without the information being lodged with his Agent-General. Then he was deported. Among many fantastic anomalies there have been several instances of Australian husbands and wives being granted different periods of stay in the United Kingdom. Thousands of Australians are said to be extremely apprehensive lest they be given treatment similar to that of Mr. Brownlie. No wonder the word "British" is being taken off the Australian passports. No wonder intending visitors to Britain are being told "to think again" by Australian authorities. The police, of course, are only acting on the orders of officials making the most of their tawdry despotism. That the "Aussies" provided the British armies in two world wars with their finest storm-troops means nothing to these bloody and bloody-minded little bureaucrats, who are probably more concerned with displaying their negrophilist tendencies than with anything else. The situation is scandalous and should at once be amended.

The orgiasts in Britain and all over the world have been enjoying the time of their lives in exploiting the transplantation of a Coloured man's heart into a White man's body. Asks one bedazed columnist: "Does 'the heart that beats beyond a colour-bar' really take its message to South Africans that they are all 'brothers under the skin'?" The *Montreal Star* declares: "Taking

from a Coloured man a heart and giving it to a White man is more than a surgical feat; it denotes a philosophical break-through that should shatter all the myths of an apartheid policy that dictates that "Black" blood must not be used in the transfusion of a White person." The London newspapers went to town in a big way, producing sob-stories under such headings as "How the hearts of two men made nonsense of the colour bar", "Hearts have no colour" and "The heart that knows no colour bar".

What these fatuous commentators failed to understand is that the heart, despite its importance, is only one of the organs of the body and that it makes neither blood nor the genes which determine the pattern of human personality. As promoters of the cause of integration, moreover, they place themselves in a very quaint and dangerous position. For instance, Professor Christian Barnard, the brilliant young specialist who performed the Groote Schuur operations, has gone on record as stating that hearts from apes and even pigs may be grafted into human beings. "The pig may be a very suitable donor as far as anatomy is concerned," he said. "It is very closely related to man. The other thing that is in favour of a pig as a donor is the fact that one can probably breed a pig more or less the same size as a human." Now that poses a somewhat difficult problem for the integrationists. If the grafting of a Coloured man's heart into a White man's body is supposed to furnish evidence that Whites and Coloureds should "mix it up" socially and sexually, then why does the same thing not apply to men and pigs or to men and apes? What possible conclusion can be drawn from their argument other than that mankind should sit at table with apes and bed down with pigs? Take their principle to its logical conclusion and the reality will make the incidents in the unexpurgated "Arabian Nights" look tame and insipid. When appropriate legislation reaches the House of Lords, would His Grace of Canterbury, who championed the cause of sodomy, adopt the same attitude should a pig's heart beating in a human frame be treated as evidence that there should be no line of division, no apartheid, as between pigs and men? Somehow I doubt it, but on what ground—given the premises of the integrationists or the pro-Sodomites—I really do not know!

That Sir Isaac Wolfson of the Great Universal Stores is a man of charity I no more doubt than I doubt his possession of the resources available for the bestowal of largesse on a majestic scale. Described as the greatest of philanthropists, he is said every year to give nearly £2,000,000 away and he himself has told newspapermen that he hopes soon to step up the annual sum to over £3,000,000. Fine! But the figures might, or might not, look more impressive if placed side by side with the amount he retains for his own use.

I have no idea how the good Sir Isaac describes his origins and therefore cannot say how he would react to sycophantic journalists who write of him that he "is a small man with a Scots accent and the warm heart of a Midlothian". "The Heart of a Midlothian" indeed! The hack who wrote of Wolfson's warm Midlothian heart did him a disservice by thus unconsciously guying him. And he did no less a disservice to the truth, which requires that a Jewish multi-millionaire should be presented as what he is and not as a synthetic Scot who

must be supposed to have had a heart-transplant from some sturdy son of Midlothian.

* * *
 "The patient in the next bed to you at Darwin Hospital might be a full-blood Gunwinggu tribesman from Arnhem Land or a Malak Malak from Daly River who has never slept between sheets. Your doctor could be Nepalese or Indian, Chinese, Welsh, Scots or English [Note the descending order!]. The trained nursing sister might be Malayan and the trainee nurses Filipino or aboriginal. In fact that is now happening every day in what is the most successful racially-integrated public hospital in Australia". The journalist who writes with such enthusiasm on this project has to admit that the aboriginals are the least happy of all the patients and that many of them would prefer to remain segregated. Against that, however, he places the glowing fact that "they understand hygiene quickly when they are taught." Wonderful indeed!

It matters not at all, apparently, that aboriginals prefer to be among themselves, and even less that white patients have the same feeling. "Racial desegregation of hospitals run by the Commonwealth Health Department," we are told "is a fundamental government policy." Big Brother has spoken and, no matter how artificial the set-up, what Big Brother says goes!

* * *
 Dr. William Bradford Shockley, of America's Stanford University, has said about eugenics that conscription test findings showed that the median intelligence of negroes was lower than that of White persons during the First World War and is lower still today. He declared that only research into the inheritance of intelligence could determine how far the human failures of the slums were caused by genetic factors and complained that "inverted liberals" were obstructing comparative genetic studies of white and coloured people's intelligence.

That was well and bravely said. What one wonders is whether Dr. Shockley's refreshing realism was known before he became a Nobel prize-winner for his work as a physicist.

* * *
 As I have remarked before, the mind of Mr. William Rees-Mogg, now editor of *The Times*, is not the most lucid of instruments, seeming to function through thick layers of cotton-wool. A not unfair sample of it is his journey into the future, wherein he depicts how a single world state is likely to come into existence. "It could be under U.S. or Russian or some other leadership", he observes with owlsh profundity, and adds "Single centre world control, the monocephalic world, is not likely to happen because human beings consciously aspire towards it or because of conscious idealism. It will more probably happen because it becomes necessary, because practical and usually unimaginative men find that they are pushed toward such a solution by the immediate needs of their own countries and of their own political situations. It will happen by an untidy and slow process by which various forms of alliance, clientage and dependence come to be accepted and sovereignty comes to be discarded in a greater number of cases for specific reasons."

One gains the impression that Rees-Mogg sees himself as being both a practical and most imaginative man who would himself manage things much more tidily if he had his way.

Two things in this context alone are certain. The first is that the editor of *The Times* thinks that a single world state would be desirable. The second is that he utterly lacks the capacity to understand that such a set-up would be hell on earth, to be resisted by everybody who has one wit to rub against another.

* * *
 One of the tragedies of South African politics is that any move to the right—that is, to secure the perpetuation of civilized rule—seems always to lead to a retreat into an exclusive Afrikanerdom, with all the prejudices against the English-speaking community which accompanies it. To some extent many English-speaking South Africans invite this hostility, either by their own anti-Afrikaner attitudes or by their involvement (this applies particularly to the English-speaking newspapers) with ultra-liberal—and their directly or indirectly subversive—causes such as the Progressive Party, the Black Sash, and even the camouflaged but ever active Communist element. Most unjustly the blame for liberal extremism and "Prog" Fabianism is placed upon English-speaking South Africans as a whole, even though most of them, in the event, would fight no less stubbornly, and perhaps even more stubbornly, for the White ideal. What these Afrikaners forget, moreover, is that the lead against the dangerous liberal trend in their own Nationalist Party (a curious and frightening phenomenon of the last five years, clearly influenced by the blandishments and pressures of international finance) has been led by two courageous and extremely able English-speaking publicists, with no support whatever from Afrikaner publicists.

Intelligent and informed Right Wing Afrikaners—and I have met them more often in Pretoria than anywhere else—are perfectly aware of these facts and if only that understanding were more general, bodies such as the Afrikaner Gesuiwerde Nasionaliste (Purified Nationalists) would be still-born, as they deserve to be. The leader of these "purified" Afrikaners, one Robert van Tonder, outlining their policy, asserts that there is only room for one nation in South Africa, not the South African nation but the Afrikaner nation. "South Africa", he asserts, "must become a one-language—Afrikaans—country. If the English-speaking South Africans are not prepared to Afrikanerise, a separate state must be established for them". He suggests the Eastern Province coastal areas and Southern Natal as an "Englishstan". This is not only insulting but also—not to be too polite about it—sheer bloody nonsense. While most people would recognise it to be so, the mere propagandising of such wildly impractical ideas serves to keep the spirit of the Boer War alive and to fragment Right Wing opinion. The only beneficiaries are the liberals of all parties, while the one certain effect is the cementing of the undeclared alliance between Lawrence Gandar, Oppenheimer's blue-eyed editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, and Piet Cillie, the no less blue-eyed editor of *Die Burger* which, under the guise of Nationalism, spreads the liberal views among the Afrikaners of the Cape. If the van Tonders were paid to let the White man down they could not contrive better than they do.

* * *
 Here is a superb example of the capacity (or incapacity) of Africans to run their own affairs in this modern age. I take it from the Swaziland House of Assembly records. It is a resolution put forward by a

zealous member Mr. M. S. Matsebula and reads: "To move that, in view of the alarming increase in the number of people who have died of, and who are known to be suffering from, such diseases as heart-attack, high blood pressure, sugar diabetes et cetera, this House requests the Hon. the Minister of Health to consider the advisability of creating a machinery whose main duty will be to find out:—

i. what the causes of these diseases are,

ii. whether the Swazi medicine-men cannot also cure these diseases at the present time."

Believe it or not, the motion was agreed to!

I hope that there will also be created "a machinery" to report on the "machinery" to be created by the Minister of Health, doubtless with the aid of Swaziland's top-ranking engineers! It should add to the joy of nations.

A.K.C.

NEW ZEALAND'S FUTURE

By B. B. THOMPSON

(Hon. Organising Secretary, League of Empire Loyalists (N.Z.))

NEW ZEALAND must align itself with others to survive. Even though it is geographically speaking a Pacific nation its peoples are of mainly British stock, and we inherit the legacy of British culture developed by our forefathers. It is unfortunately true that in present-day Britain, as elsewhere in the Western world, decadence is rife, but there still resides in the British peoples, hidden under the visible surface of contemporary softness and spiritual decay, those fine qualities of courage, steadfastness, and endurance which have enabled Britons to thrive as a proud breed of men throughout the centuries.

It is with our fellow Britons that our future lies if we are to survive as a free people, keep faith with our forefathers who pioneered this land, with those who died in two world wars that we might be free from tyranny, and with generations yet unborn who have the right to inherit from us a land proud and free, in which they can live their lives to the fullest extent possible. A succession of craven post-war British Governments, yielding to the pressures of international finance, have done nothing to encourage the British peoples overseas to maintain the British connection. In obedience to their trans-Atlantic masters, the usurers of New York, they have scuttled British interests at home and abroad at an ever-increasing pace. Our own Governments have assisted in the breaking up of the British community and the cutting of ties between British peoples, and must stand similarly indicted. In fact with the exceptions of South Africa, Rhodesia, and Portugal, governments all over the Western World have largely lost the will to govern, succumbed in great part to the pressures of International Finance, and offer us no inspiration to uphold our heritage.

The alternatives to the maintenance of the British tie are propounded by the fifth columnists in our midst, being either to adopt an Asian destiny (which would in fact mean that New Zealand would become an Asian satellite of the U.S.A.), or else become the U.S.A.'s fifty-first state. To adopt either course of action would mean that our independence would vanish, and we would be forced to submit to alien rule. The adoption of an Asian destiny, moreover, would mean the destruction of our European society which, its faults notwith-

standing, is part of a race which has produced the most advanced civilisation the world has known.

While those who preach the Asian destiny poison are often well meaning dupes, there are others who instigate and sustain such propaganda so as to soften up our people that they will in time accept that creed, with the consequent destruction of our national sovereignty and racial integrity. It is in the field of trade where such people find their greatest opportunity, especially now that the anti-British British Parliament is preparing to sell New Zealand (and Britain) down the river by joining the European Economic Community. Some trade with Asia is perfectly acceptable and compatible with the maintenance of national sovereignty but reliance upon Asian markets would be to New Zealand a deadly Trojan Horse. Once our trade with Asia exceeded what is normal between friendly countries, once our economy became dependent on the Asian market, then would we be vulnerable to economic blackmail, and Asians in hundreds of thousands would swarm into New Zealand as immigrants, our present culture vanishing under an Asiatic tide. We should not court such a fate by over-developing Asian markets, but should make our voices heard on the British scene, helping to awaken the British people. To reject an Asian destiny implies no disrespect for Asian peoples, but a love of our own. It should be noted that similar problems face Australia where the anti-patriots are busily engaged in undermining the White Australia policy.

RUTHLESS CABAL

In fact we are facing an internationalist conspiracy directed by a ruthless cabal of international financiers, who aim to destroy the national sovereignty of the British and other Western European nations in order to merge them into a despotic World Government, thus giving the Money Power absolute control over the earth and its resources. Moreover in order that the freedom-loving white race should present to them no danger of rebellion, the Money Power plans, and has already commenced, its destruction, by encouraging race-mixing policies which lead to miscegenation. A coffee-coloured mob in a one world state would be easily

controlled by the conspirators, who whilst encouraging race mixture for others, are careful not to practise it themselves, being for the most part of the Jewish race, noted for racial exclusiveness.

Many fronts and agencies have been created by the Money Power for use as stepping stones towards World Monopoly. Amongst these are alliances destructive of national sovereignty such as N.A.T.O. and S.E.A.T.O.; the United Nations and its agencies; the World Bank and International Monetary Fund; and the E.E.C. Alliances such as N.A.T.O. and S.E.A.T.O. place troops of the British nations under foreign command and usurp their right to control their own defence forces. The United Nations was formed as a prototype World Government, and in addition has shown itself over the years to be thoroughly anti-British and anti-white. Ostensibly controlled now by the irresponsible Afro-Asian bloc, it is in actual fact the power instrument of International Finance, as was glaringly evidenced by the U.N. presence in the Congo and its subsequent attack upon Katanga.

Further evidence of the subversive nature of the U.N. was found during the Suez Crisis (when the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. acted together to have the British Tommies frogmarched out of the Canal Zone and replaced by a cosmopolitan rabble known as a United Nations force). The rape of Hungary by the Soviets was permitted, as was the rape of Tibet by the Chinese. Generally speaking the U.N. has concerned itself with attacking Imperialism, by that term always meaning Western European and especially British Imperialism, never Soviet Communist Imperialism, or Yankee Dollar Imperialism which it either ignores or supports.

FEDERAL EUROPE

The drive to push Great Britain into the E.E.C. is another serious aspect of the internationalist plot. It is true that Britain would suffer economic damage upon entry, especially in the field of agriculture, but even more serious damage would be occasioned by the loss of sovereignty she would suffer on signing the Treaty of Rome. By far the most serious danger, however, is the fact that the E.E.C. is intended to form the basis of a United States of Europe in which set-up Britain would be totally eclipsed as an independent nation. Though much is made of a Federal Europe being a "third force" in world politics, it in itself would only be a step towards its Atlantic Union with the U.S.A., and eventual merging of the whole in a World Government. Such then are some of the avenues along which the Western World is being dragged towards monopoly, and to assist the process Russia and more recently China supply the necessary growling noises to frighten the Western "sheep" into the fold. Meanwhile the United States government makes a great show of opposing Communism in Vietnam, which appeases the millions of true anti-Communists amongst the people of the U.S.A., and leads the rest of the world to think of her as a vigorous anti-Communist power. All the time her government, being controlled by the Money Power, is busily engaged in trying to overthrow such genuine anti-Communist powers as Rhodesia and South Africa. The Americans treacherously undermined the French in Indo-China, and afterwards divided spheres of influence there with the Communists. The franc was re-

placed by the dollar. As a means of containing Communism the Vietnam war is phoney, and not worth the loss of a single British life.

Returning to the British scene it is immediately evident that a deadly peril faces the British peoples right in their homeland. Since 1948 hundreds of thousands of coloured immigrants have poured into Great Britain and their numbers now total over a million. This has brought problems of overcrowding, health, and an increased crime rate, but these pale to insignificance when compared with the greatest danger of all, which is miscegenation. Whilst it is true that the British nation is made up of a mixture of peoples, these peoples were from closely related European stock, chiefly Anglo-Saxon and Celtic, whereas the coloured immigrants are from vastly disparate stocks. The great achievements of the British people have been made possible by the distinctive character of their race, and to mix it with coloured strains would be to damage it irreparably. Eventually Britain would become one more coloured slum. In fact race mixing is the enemy of all races, and the finest coloured people recognise this as we do. There is evidence to show that racial admixture damages the coloured races as it does the European; the half-caste negro for example tending to be more unreliable than the full blood, who at least has a racial identity.

AMERICAN "CIVIL RIGHTS"

In the U.S.A. it is "civil rights" for the negro with ever increasing racial violence following in its train. Even in Australia great efforts are being made to integrate the few primitive aborigines, and thus water down the European stock. Doubtless the reader will ask, what of New Zealand? Here again I would state that racial inter-marriage is the enemy of all races, in this case both European and Maori. For the minority Maori race in particular, it will if continually practised mean racial extinction, which is surely not desired by any Maori who is understandably proud of his race and its achievements. The Money Power intends to enslave both European and Maori under World Government dictatorship, therefore both races face a common enemy.

THE WILL TO PREVAIL

Such then are the political dangers faced by the British peoples, and indeed by Western Christian Civilisation. Can we but find the will to face them squarely, on a united front, we can prevail. Firstly however must we throw off the apathy and decadence which have stifled our aspirations, and preoccupied our people with materialism. Likewise have we as a people become soft and flabby in our attitude to discipline; the spread of moral decay being evidenced in such ways as the increasing tendency to give more consideration to criminals than to their victims, the increasing public acceptance of the evil practice of homosexuality since the Wolfenden Report, which has been aptly described as the "Pansies Charter"; and the spread of various queer cults amongst the young, such as the "hippie" cult with its attendant sickening attitudes of dress, drug taking, and stomach turning "love-ins", as would make any true man retch in utter disgust. As a people we British have sunk to an all time low.

ON THE HOME FRONT

By AVRIL WALTERS

BACKING BRITAIN

Congratulations to the five typists who initiated the "Back Britain" campaign and to public figures like Jimmy Edwards who are supporting it in a practical way. The concept is a noble one—but what chance of success does it have?

Obviously if everybody worked an extra half-hour a day free productivity would boom and prices would drop. But "everybody" is not going to be allowed to. First into the attack were the patriots of the A.E.U., the country's second largest union: "In connection with the alleged campaign for underpaid or voluntary working, under no circumstances will any representative of this union enter into discussions or negotiations with any employers which are calculated to procure unpaid working of any member." (Why "alleged"? Surely the campaign is or isn't!). Assuming even that things like the A.E.U. and Foot and Mouth were met only in nightmares, what chance would the campaign have? While it is all to the good for ordinary people in effect to work for less money, surely it would be all to the better for rich people to work for less. For example members of parliament. Unfortunately these gentry believe in backing Britain—verbally. James Callaghan, the new Home Secretary, seems to feel that among his duties is the accumulation of homes—he has just bought his fourth. Dr. Russell Kerr, M.P., husband of Mrs. Anne Kerr, M.P. (whose joint income is £6,500 p.a.) is demanding another pay rise for M.P.s. Mrs. Barbara Castle is preparing to hand out £1,900 million—the equivalent of the annual cost of the country's education—in capital write-offs, fresh loans to nationalised industries and new grants in a desperate, and doomed, attempt to make the railways break even. The Labour Left is rallying to fight any cuts in the largesse handed out to those who choose to live by sponging on the state. Good luck to the "Back Britain" campaigners: nobody needs—or deserves—it more.

HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN!

It is nauseating to read the sob-stuff in the so-called "Conservative" press about the honourableness of James Callaghan, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is absolutely no reason in honour why he, by himself, should resign. If the doctrine of cabinet responsibility obtains—as we are constantly assured it does—then the entire cabinet should have resigned and sought a fresh mandate from the country it has ruined. If personal responsibility is the order of the day, Harold Wilson as "economic overlord" should have resigned.

Is it not much more likely that Callaghan, not being a complete fool, realises just how unpopular the government is, reckons Wilson's days are numbered and is scratching as much mud off his hands as possible before the leadership becomes vacant?

NEW CHANCELLOR'S FRIENDS

One would not have expected the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, former Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, to have many friends. His appalling handling of the Court Lees approved school—closed down despite an appeal from the boys who "suffered" there—his refusal to bring back stern measures to deal with child murderers, his despicable treatment of police and prison warders have made him one of the best-hated members of a well and truly hated regime.

But let your heart not bleed for the poor soul. He has friends! Four worthy members of the British public plan to make him a presentation to mark his promotion: four gentlemen who, while enjoying Her Majesty's hospitality reckoned the service they received from Jenkins was just about four-star. One had actually "belted a screw" (struck a prison officer) immediately after and been granted leave—to his great surprise—by the benevolent Home Secretary. I hope the belted screw shares his former charges' affection for this paragon of wishy-washy, sick-making, liberal humanitarianism!

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